

# The Bloomfield Record.

S. M. HULIN, Publisher.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT TRUTH IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

TERMS—\$1.50 per Annum.

VOL. III. NO. 50.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1875.

WHOLE NO. 153.

## The Bloomfield Record.

In Independent Weekly Newspaper.  
Devoted to Local and General News, Choice Family Reading, First-Class Advertising.  
Terms \$1.50 in Advance. Subscriptions Begin at any Time.

OFFICE ON GLENWOOD AVENUE.

Space.	1w.	2w.	3w.	4w.	5w.	6w.	12m.
1 inch	10	18	25	32	40	50	\$5.00
2 "	15	28	38	48	60	75	7.50
3 "	20	38	50	62	75	95	10.00
4 "	25	45	60	75	90	110	12.50
5 "	30	50	68	85	100	130	15.00
6 "	35	55	75	90	110	150	17.50
7 "	40	60	80	100	120	175	20.00
8 "	45	65	85	105	130	200	22.50

AT THE

## RECORD PRINTING OFFICE

We are prepared to do, Promptly, Skillfully, and at CITY RATES, ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, from a Bill-head to a Book.  
Commercial Stationery, Letter and Note Heads, Envelopes, Etc., Furnished, Bound and Printed according to order.

## Professional and Business Cards.

### DENTISTRY.

W. E. PINKHAM, D. D. S.,  
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College.

481 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

### D. R. K. MACPARKAN,

(Late of N. Y. Ophthalmic Hospital).  
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR A SPECIALTY.  
OFFICE HOURS: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.  
Clinic for Poor from 9 to 10 A. M.  
No. 29 BANK STREET, CORNER HALSTED STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

### CHARLES H. BAILEY, M. D.,

(Late of the New York Hospital).  
Physician and Surgeon.  
OFFICE: NEXT WILDS' STORE.  
Office Hours: 9 to 12, 3 to 6, and 7 to 8.  
Residence at Park House.

### D. R. C. S. STOCKTON,

DENTIST.  
(Successor to Dr. Colburn).  
No 15 Cedar street, Newark, N. J.

### J. S. PITT, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.  
Residence on Broad Street, three doors above Presbyterian Church.  
Office hours: 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

### JOSEPH H. EVLAND,

PRACTICAL PAINTER.  
SIGN-WRITING.  
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.  
GRADING, OFFERING, &c., &c.  
Corner Linden Avenue and Thomas Street, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.  
All orders promptly executed.

### PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

TO BE HAD AT  
DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE.  
Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, 5 to 6 P. M.

### THOMAS TAYLOR,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,  
459  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Office at his residence in Bloomfield Avenue, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

### SAMUEL CARL,

MERCHANT TAILOR.  
Keeps constantly on hand CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS. BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD.

1858. D. W. SMITH. 1875

(Shop and Residence, Franklin Street).  
House, Sign & Ornamental PAINTER.

### RUDOLPH BRUETT,

1858. PAINTER AND ORNAMENTAL. 1875.  
Prescor, Kalsomine, Grainer, Glazier, &c.

Having established the business of Plain and Ornamental Painting in the township of Bloomfield in the year 1858, I feel entitled to claim the oldest established business in this line in Bloomfield, and to have given the most perfect satisfaction to my patrons.

Orders addressed to me, (Box 129, P. O.) will be attended to with promptness.

### Banks and Insurance.

INSURE IN THE

### HUMBOLDT

(MUTUAL)

### INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS OVER \$326,000.

OFFICE 723 BROAD STREET,  
(Across County National Bank Building).

NEWARK, N. J.

This Company insures against loss and damage by fire, Dwellings, Furniture, Buildings and Merchandise, at favorable rates, either on the MUTUAL or non-participating plan.

OFFICERS: J. G. HENSON, Secy., J. C. LUDLOW, Pres't., J. A. HENSON, Treas., E. W. McCLURE, Vice Pres't.

### Essex County Mutual

### INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHARTERED IN 1843.

Office on Liberty Street, a few doors east of Broad, BLOOMFIELD.

This Company continues to insure Dwellings, Barns, Sheds and other country property, on terms more favorable than any other Company. It has no city risks, and is therefore liable to no great disaster like the Chicago.

E. B. DODD, President.

## The Prayer.

O God, I come to Thee,  
In this, my time of need.  
O listen Thou to me  
While I in anguish plead:  
I feel to-day  
How much I need  
For aid to plead  
And therefore pray.  
Thy sweet thought that Thou  
On yonder "shining shore"  
Dost see me when I bow,  
And lovest me all the more;  
Lord, Thou dost see  
I feel my need,  
And as I plead  
Bring aid to me.

I know how good Thou art,  
And how unworthy I,  
O come and touch my heart,  
As I, in anguish, sigh,  
And I will give  
My all to Thee,  
And faithful be  
While I shall live.  
Yes! Lord, I know Thou wilt  
Show pity as I bow,  
For though Thou see'st my guilt,  
Thou know'st I'm honest now—  
Thou see'st within  
This heart of mine,  
And that I pine  
To cease from sin.

## AUNT PATIENCE PERKINS.

"Mildred, I thought you were alone—I was not aware that Mr. Glenn was with you."  
Mr. Glenn took this hat and the hint and departed, while Mrs. Yorke turned reprovingly to Mildred.  
"My dear, there must be an end of this sort of thing!"

"But, mamma," said Mrs. Yorke, setting her lips together with that firm contraction that Mildred knew boded no good. "I want you to come and help Evelyn about that tulle trimming now—it's such a pity that Aunt Patience should come just at this time, when we are so busy!"

Evelyn Yorke, sitting at the window in the midst of a cloud of tulle and white ribbon, was very different from her sister.

"Where have you been, Mildred?" she asked, petulantly. "I am tired to death of being lectured by that horrid little old maid! Thank goodness, she's taken herself off at last!"

"Lectured! About what, Evelyn?"

"Oh, she thinks it very extravagant for us to dress so handsomely, and go out so much, with papa's income, and she has been giving me her opinion on the subject—impertinent old thing!"

Mildred looked soberly down at the white tulle.

"I am not sure but that she is right, Evelyn."

"Nonsense!—what an absurd idea! We are poor, of course—that is, we are not rich—but we shall never marry advantageously unless we dress like other girls."

"Evelyn," said Mildred, rather absently, "when has mamma established Aunt Patience?"

"I don't know! In the top chamber at the back, I believe."

"Not in that dreary little room, with no fireplace, and two broken panes of glass?"

"Why not?—isn't it good enough for her? Besides, there is no other room that can be spared."

"That will never do," said Mildred, springing up. "She shall have my room."

"Your room! And where will you sleep?"

"In the top chamber, to be sure; it won't hurt me. Aunt Patience is old and chilly, and it would be cruel to banish her to a fireless room in the depth of winter."

"You're a good girl, my dear—a very good girl!" said Miss Patience Perkins, as Mildred stirred the bright fire an hour afterwards, and drew forward the chintz-draped easy chair. "I didn't think you would have remembered the old woman's rheumatic bones. One day you'll be old yourself, my dear, and then, perhaps, you'll remember how kind you were to me. And now, my dear, if you'll bring my spectacles, and the knitting work, and my reticule, and don't forget the little plant I brought with me. It's only a rose geranium, but I've had it these ten years, and somehow the smell of the leaves takes me back to the days when I was a girl! Dear, dear! I only to think how long ago that was!"

"I was a thriving plant in an antiquity shaped pot of some reddish glazed ware, and the old woman looked greedily at it as Mildred placed it in the sunny window."

"There, dear, that'll do; and now, would you mind giving old Aunt Patience a kiss?"

"How ridiculous!" said Evelyn, curling her lip, as Mildred returned once more to her work. "The idea of your inconveniencing yourself so much for a creature like that!"

"Are you going out with me this morning, Mildred?"

Evelyn was standing before the glass, adjusting the pink, foam-like plume of her exquisite hat.

"No—Aunt Patience is very ill, and I really think some one ought to stay with her."

"Now, Mildred, how absurd you are! Mamma will be very angry, and you know Mr. Raymond is going with us!"

Evelyn, said the younger sister, looking up with quiet determination in her grave brown eyes. "I love Charles Glenn, and him only. If I cannot marry Charles then I prefer to remain single."

Evelyn turned away with an angry toss of the pink plumes, and Mildred went up to the post of duty at Miss Patience Perkins' bedside.

"You're a good girl, my dear—a good girl," croaked the old crane. "It isn't every one would give up her own pleasures to sit beside an old woman on a sunny morning like this. I'll tell you what, my dear, I mean to leave you that rose geranium in my will."

Mildred smiled to herself at the im-

portant tone in which Aunt Patience spoke.

"I will take good care of it, aunt," she said.

"I know you will, Mildred—I know you will, and you are the only living person I'd leave it to."

She was silent for a few minutes, and then spoke.

"Milly, it would be a dreadful fate if a young girl like you were married for her money."

Mildred opened wide her brown eyes; was Aunt Patience wandering in her mind?

"But if some good young man loved you for yourself alone, that would be quite different—quite different. Milly, give me a drink of water; my old lips are parched, and then place my little geranium where I can see it."

Mildred obeyed, beginning to fear that poor old Aunt Patience was very ill indeed.

She was right, for toward evening the old lady began to grow worse, and the doctor shook his sage head.

Just at the hour of midnight, while Miss Evelyn Yorke, in golden silk, with roses in her hair, was floating through a languid polka redowa, Mildred knelt at the bedside of a dying woman!

"Milly, you have been good to me always, and I am very old. Years ago, when I was young, I was fond of you."

This heart of mine, and that I pine To cease from sin.

The word died away into everlasting silence upon her lips, the gray shadows of death crept slowly over the wrinkled forehead, and the freed soul went out through the midnight into the great unknown.

Poor Aunt Patience was buried quietly, and forgotten! Even in the formal "will," in which she had bequeathed to Mildred Yorke her gold-headed cane, her gold beads and geranium plant, had ceased to excite laughter or comment.

Mildred was sitting at her work a few days subsequently, when the door opened and an unwelcome visitor appeared.

"Charles!"

"It is I, Milly. I couldn't keep away any longer, Mildred. You have not ceased to love me?"

"I never shall cease to love you, Charles!"

"Then there is no truth in this report about Julius Raymond's being engaged to you?"

"Not a word of truth."

"Thank Heaven for that, dearest. You will be true to me always, Mildred?"

"Until death," she said, softly.

"But it is so hard to wait," he said, passionately, pacing up and down the room. "I know it is wrong to burden you with my cares and troubles, love; but if I only had a little money, there is such a capital business opportunity open to me now. Oh, Mildred, it drives me wild to fancy what might be, if I had only a thousand dollars!"

It was very awkward; Charles Glenn was not in the habit of doing things so bunglingly, for as he bent to press his lips to Mildred's, his elbow struck against the glazed earthenware flower-pot in the window seat, and down it went with a crash, rose geranium and all.

Charles uttered an exclamation of comic despair.

"Never mind," said Mildred, gently. "The plant would have needed a new pot soon—the roots were sadly cramped."

"What is this," exclaimed Glenn, who was stooping to pick up the debris. A little tin case, as it were, exactly fitted to the pot! No wonder the roots were cramped, Milly. And it is locked, too!"

Mildred looked a moment in amazement at the box, and then uttered a cry of surprise.

"Now I know the meaning of the tiny key that hung from Aunt Patience's chain of gold beads," she exclaimed, hurriedly unfasting the antique ornament from her slender neck. "Charles, it is like a story in a novel! Unlock the box—my hands tremble so!"

The little key turned the lock, revealing an inner case that had no lock—a case full of layers of rustling paper.

"Only twenty notes for \$1,000 each," said Mr. Glenn, deliberately. "My dear, I told you that Aunt Patience was the Witch of Endor."

"No—rather a fairy godmother," said Mildred, with a sudden push of tears, as she remembered all Aunt Patience's enigmatical words. "Dear Charles, take the money—it has come just in time for you now."

"Take the money! And pray what return I have to make?"

"Only yourself," whispered Mildred, laughing and crying in the same breath. "We can be married now, Charles!"

They were married; and in the bright little bay-window, in the sitting-room, Aunt Patience's rose geranium thrives as gallantly as when its roots twined round the mysterious box.

But Evelyn still remains single, and says sometimes with a sigh: "Who would have supposed Aunt Patience Perkins was so rich?"

## The Germination of Seeds.

Some interesting experiments on the growth of seeds have been conducted by M. Uloth. These were undertaken with a view to determine whether seeds could be made to germinate in ice, and the process may be described as follows:

Seeds of various species were placed in grooves made in ice cakes, and over the grooved surface other plates of ice were laid, and the whole removed to a cool cellar in January, and there they remained till the following May.

An examination then made disclosed the fact that many of the seeds had actually germinated, the roots penetrating into the ice. It is but natural, says Appleton's Journal, that facts of this startling character should give rise to controversy, and so we are not surprised to learn that opposite views are entertained as to whence the heat needed for the process of growth was obtained. In the opinion of the experimenter, it was obtained, or rather liberated, in the growth of the roots while forcing themselves into the ice.

Subterranean cables are to be laid in Chicago and the telegraph poles removed.

## A STOCK DISEASE.

The Secret of It—Cattle and Hogs Poisoned by Deceit to Secure their Carcasses.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has the following:

For the past three or four years a strange disease seems to have taken hold of the horses, hogs, and cattle in the neighborhood of Lawrenceburg, Ind., and stock owners sought the cause in and about the neighborhood.

Two years ago the fatality became alarming. Death invaded the Lawrenceburg distillery pens, and nearly \$5,000 worth of stock was destroyed. At length a saloon keeper in Newton, by the name of Koehler, announced that he had a cure. An inquisitive employee had been nosing around a patron's wagon as it stood in the street, and had discovered some corn, a half bushel or so, fantastically done up, each ear in a roll of paper. He examined one of these ears carefully, but saw no reason why it should be so wrapped, and he took it to the saloon. Koehler, on learning this, was so frightened that he hurriedly attempted to dissuade him from ascending the column, on the ground that it was late and the weather not favorable, slyly sent after him two soldiers, with strict instructions to keep young Koehler's nose at bay. The happy young man did not notice them, but stood sadly looking out over the world of roses, spires and towers, most of the time through a veil of dreary drizzle, for an hour and a half. It was then time for the poor fellows to return to their barracks, and they hurried down and the sergeant hurried up, hardly expecting to be in time to avert the suicide. Near the top of the stairs, however, he met the young man, safe and sound, and, profound mystery of human nature, was a little disappointed. "Why, then, did you hurry down here to lay your hand on the shoulder of my charge and say: 'Now, confess, my friend, when you first came you had the intention to throw yourself off the monument?'"

"Ah, yes," replied the melancholy gentleman, giving the inevitable shrug. "But you see, on looking down, I noticed those ugly sharp spikes of the railing, and reflected that in falling on them I might hurt myself."

## The Leap into Eternity.

Grace Greenwood, after a visit to the Column Vendome in Paris, says: "The Column Vendome is again a favorite point for the leap into eternity. It is getting to be a great altar of sacrifice and expiation. Few lives there thrown away are worth the world's keeping. Ruined speculators, bankrupt bankers, young spendthrifts, unlucky in cards or in love—plucked by gamblers or thrown over by their mistresses; government employees dismissed from office for dissipation and dishonesty here their quick quietus make. Would it not be well, after all, for us to finish the Washington monument? The present guardian of the column is humane for a soldier, and never allows a suspicious, melodramatic looking person to mount to the summit alone. One afternoon, lately, a young gentleman having a somewhat wild and melancholy aspect, hair rumpled and cravat awry, presented himself to the sergeant, who, after having vainly attempted to dissuade him from ascending the column, on the ground that it was late and the weather not favorable, slyly sent after him two soldiers, with strict instructions to keep young Koehler's nose at bay. The happy young man did not notice them, but stood sadly looking out over the world of roses, spires and towers, most of the time through a veil of dreary drizzle, for an hour and a half. It was then time for the poor fellows to return to their barracks, and they hurried down and the sergeant hurried up, hardly expecting to be in time to avert the suicide. Near the top of the stairs, however, he met the young man, safe and sound, and, profound mystery of human nature, was a little disappointed. "Why, then, did you hurry down here to lay your hand on the shoulder of my charge and say: 'Now, confess, my friend, when you first came you had the intention to throw yourself off the monument?'"

"Ah, yes," replied the melancholy gentleman, giving the inevitable shrug. "But you see, on looking down, I noticed those ugly sharp spikes of the railing, and reflected that in falling on them I might hurt myself."

## Where Tweed Can Go.

Says the New York Herald: It is very certain that William M. Tweed, if not captured before effecting his escape from the United States, is seeking a fresh resting place, will avoid countries with which we have extradition treaties. The crimes of forgery and of embezzlement by public officers are included in most of such treaties now in force, and as a demand for him is pending in the United States, he cannot be made on either of the grounds named, he would, if found, only enjoy a short term of liberty. The United States has, altogether, extradition treaties with fifteen governments—eight European, two West Indian, and five American. Among the American Southern American and South African. We have also similar international engagements with Mexico and the Sandwich Islands. The European governments are Great Britain (including the colonies and dependencies), France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Norway and Sweden, the Swiss Confederation and Belgium. Of course, all these countries are closed against Tweed, unless he is willing to assume great risk, but Portugal, Holland, Denmark, Russia, Spain, Greece and Turkey are open to him. The West Indian islands of Cuba, Porto Rico, St. John and St. Croix, the two latter belonging to Denmark. We have no extradition treaty with the powers just enumerated, nor with Brazil, Chili, Honduras, Peru, Ecuador, Guatemala, Argentine Confederation, Costa Rica, the United States of Columbia (Athens of Panama), China, or Japan. Therefore, there is a very wide field to select from, if Tweed once gets beyond the clutches of the law.

The Use and Policy of Advertising.

While it is an accepted business axiom, says the New York Post, that money can in no other way be employed so efficiently as to secure an enlargement of trade and a consequent increase of profit as in judicious advertising, it is just as true that money cannot be so wisely expended as in judicious advertising. The sole purpose of an advertisement is to give information to persons who are in need of the things advertised. To be of value it must, therefore, be printed in a publication which not only has many readers, but readers of the class which buys what is described.

Probably the most wasteful of all kinds of advertising is a large part of that which is done through periodicals which are devoted to special trade and business interests. These periodicals are not seen by the public, and all advertisements in them which do not specially interest the persons directly connected with the branch of business which they represent are as effectually concealed as if they were locked up in the desks of the writers.

Commencing in Earnest.

The following is a summary of the work of the session in the United States House, up to the time of the holiday adjournment: Deferred to committee bills: 10; referred to the committee on the Judiciary: 1; referred to the committee on the House and fourteen joint resolutions: 281 bills; 33 miscellaneous, and twenty-nine executive documents, including the President's message; an unlimited number of petitions and an unusual number of contested election cases. Three bills and one resolution were passed by the House removing political disabilities, and one Senate bill became a law.

Not an Accident.

The reward of five thousand dollars, gold, offered by the managers of the direct cable for information leading to the "discovery of the vessel" which broke their cable, shows that they believe the break to have been caused by human agency, but whether the result of accident or design they do not aver.

This puts a very serious face upon the matter. To purposely break a cable is as grave a crime as to scuttle a ship, and should be treated as rigorously as piracy upon the high seas.

## Detroit Free Pressings.

Philadelphia wants a church in which a man wearing old clothes will feel at home.

The Galaxy has discovered that there is a great falling off in marriages. Brigham Young says it isn't his fault.

Seems to us that we never slept so well and felt so peaceful as since Stanley discovered that Lake Nyanza had but one outlet.

It now turns out that the story about a Virginia boy cutting his brother's head off a la chicken was like one of George Francis Train's speeches.

It has been discovered that buckwheat cakes blunt sensitive natures and degrade poetic minds. They also produce an eruption; but they are good.

It is said that Col. Valentine Baker will go to Russia to serve in the army if they will let him out of jail. He promises to behave himself on Russian railroads.

Sixty-six La Crosse men have banded together and taken an oath not to treat a man or let a man buy their drinks. They will, however, continue to beg to baccho.

Even if a husband has forty dressing-gowns and forty pairs of slippers now is the season of the year when his wife plans to surprise him with some more of the same kind.

The chief reason why a Chicago hotel doesn't have spittoons in the office is "because it seems a burden on the public to have to spit anywhere except on their shirt bosoms."

We neglect the little things of every day life to reach for fame. A Detroit asked 874 different people how many spokes there were in a buggy wheel and not one could tell him.

After an Indiana baby had swallowed a button and been stomach-pumped out it was observed that he would sadly turn from a floor strewn with buttons to play with the nose of a hot teakettle. He couldn't be pumped but once.

The Havana lottery does pay the prizes down, but it only pays eighteen cents on the dollar to start with, deducts ten of that for commissions, and half of the other eight cents goes to the lawyer for collecting. Don't draw a \$100,000 prize if you can help it.

Not Her Fault.—The other day when a Detroit woman asked her husband to bring home a bar of soap as he came to dinner he exclaimed: "What! Is that bar gone so quick?"

"It's all gone," she replied, "but I was as saving as I could be. I haven't washed the children for five days past, so as to make it last the week out."

A Strange Wedding Fee.

A clergyman who was formerly located in Hartford, Conn., but is now in New York, the Courier says, married, a little over a year ago, a couple who at once started for Europe, and have recently returned. The bridegroom was a gentleman of wealth, and before he presented himself before the bride's altar he placed a \$100 greenback in his vest pocket to give to the parson for the marriage fee, and did pay to him as he supposed. While crossing the ocean he discovered, greatly to his astonishment, the bill in the pocket where he had placed it, and could account for its presence there only on the theory that he must have had another bill of a different denomination which he donated to the clergyman by mistake.

On getting back to this country he determined to solve the mystery, and waited upon the reverend gentleman, who did not recognize him, and inquired if on a certain date he did not marry a certain couple. The clergyman remembered the occasion perfectly.

"I know I am about to ask an important question," said the visitor, "but I should like to be informed what fee you received for performing the ceremony?"

The clergyman was not prepared to make any disclosure, naturally being astonished that his interviewer should propose such a question, but upon an explanation being made that the gentleman himself, whom he then recognized, was the one he had married, he said that he would, of course, gratify him, since he was so anxious to know. "I received," he then went on to say, "a small quantity of fine cut chewing tobacco, folded in a very small piece of paper." That was enough; the only thing remaining to be done was to apologize, laugh heartily, shake hands, and make the \$100 deposit good.

The Best Way to Advertise.

The best and cheapest mode of advertising in the world is that of the newspaper. Seed sown there, if the seed is good for anything, always brings up a crop of some value, most generally a hundred fold. Placing the dead walls, and showering the handbills among the people are entirely unprofitable; but it is doubtful whether, as a rule, they more than pay the expense, while there is no doubt they are a nuisance. The blanket of dead walls is only disguised by posters, provoking